




DEMOCRATS HONOR THE MEMORY OF JEFFERSON AT THEIR EVER-FAMOUS BANQUET.




PERRY BELMONT—Modern Republicanism is opportunism; no one knows whither it is going. The present Republican policy is that of drift and drift.




JOHN R. STANCHFIELD—No thought can be traced nearer to his Jefferson's. He is a man who did not believe in the power of the great powers.



JUDGE AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK—Into the details of our existing tariff shall not enter at present, but I shall challenge any of its supporters to name a single considerable branch of industry over which its so-called protection has been extended which is not now controlled by a confederacy of conspirators against competition.



GEN. ISAAC S. CATLIN—If the flag shall never come down until the Brooklyn Democracy demands it, then it will fly over the Philippines until that arch-traitor, bandit and assassin, Aguinaldo, shall be captured and shot.



AMOS J. CUMMINGS—The men who led this opposition to the navy were prominent Republicans in both the House and Senate, and the Congressional Record shows it.



WHAT THEY ATE AT THE \$10 BANQUET.

- MENU.**
- Oyster Cocktail.
 - Clear Green Turtle.
 - Fresh Mushrooms.
 - Brook Trout.
 - Cucumbers.
 - Tennessee Spring Lamb.
 - Sweetbreads, Braised.
 - New Green Peas.
 - Democratic Club Punch.
 - Philadelphia Scab-on Toast.
 - American Salad.
 - Tutti-Frutti.
 - Fancy Forns.
 - Assorted Cakes.
 - Strawberry Tartlets.
 - Fruit.
 - Cheese.
 - Coffee.
 - Apollonia.
 - White Rock.
 - Cigars.
 - G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry.

Just Before the Speechmaking at the Jeffersonian Banquet in the Metropolitan Opera House.

POLICE HAVE A NEW LETTER WHICH THEY SAY CONVICTS MOLINEUX.

District-Attorney Gardiner and Captain McClusky Convinced That the Prisoner in the Tombs Is in a Hopeless Net Through This Latest Discovery.

Newark, June 1, 1898.
"Mr. James Burns.
"No. 350 Columbus avenue,
"New York City.
"Dear Sir—Please find enclosed 25 cents, for which send remedy, and oblige, yours truly,
"ROLAND MOLINEUX,
"No. 6 Jersey St., Newark, N. J."
In the above letter, according to the view of District-Attorney Gardiner, Rothard R. Molineux has signed his own death warrant.
This letter was received by Captain McClusky on Wednesday afternoon in a registered package and was accompanied by an explanatory epistle which read as follows: Captain George McClusky, New York, N. Y.
Dear Sir—One of my girls found the enclosed letter in a batch of 10,000, purchased from Dr. James S. Burns, one of the Holmes Building, Detroit, Mich., but formerly of No. 350 Columbus avenue, New York City. It strikes me that some of the Bureau letters which were found contained the same story, and as appears in the letter from Molineux, herewith enclosed, Yours truly,
F. C. FOWLER.
Mr. Fowler manufactures patent medicines at Moodna, Conn. Two months ago he gave the police a written order signed by H. Barnet asking for some medicine to be sent to Nicholas Heckman's office, at No. 257 West Forty-second street, and the police allege that the medicine was delivered to Molineux.
Captain McClusky was delighted when he got the letter signed by Molineux from such an unexpected source, as it is the very evidence which the police have been vainly seeking for months. It is believed by the police to prove conclusively that Molineux did not tell the truth when he testified at the Coroner's inquest that he had never sent for any kind of patent medicine by a written order or had directed any one to act for him to obtain medicine.
This Molineux letter was mailed at Station D, at 4:30 p. m., in Newark. This station is at No. 11 Bowery street and is only a short distance from the Morris Herriman & Co.'s factory, where Molineux worked as chemist and superintendent.
Important Post Office Witness.
One of the letter carriers at Station D recalls that in June, 1898, he delivered several small sealed boxes at Herriman & Co.'s office which were addressed to Molineux, and Captain McClusky says he will prove that Molineux not only received the package requested to be sent to him from James Burns, but similar packages from other persons dealing in quick medicines of a peculiar kind.
This newest Molineux letter is written upon a half sheet of light blue paper having a monogram of three interlocking stars. The same paper was used in the letter signed "H. Cornish," received by Frederick Stearns & Co., in Detroit, asking for a reference for A. A. Hargreaves; also in an order for medicine sent to Von Mohl & Co., in Detroit, and an order for Kuthnow sent in December, 1898, and the Kuthnow powder order in June, 1898, and Captain McClusky has evidence to show that between these dates Molineux talked with several persons about the value of certain drugs sold by quick doctors. The police have information which will, they claim, be verified, that Molineux was presented with a box of blue paper, having on it the unusual mingling of silver crescents, by a woman who at one time worked in his factory in Newark.
Captain McClusky took the new Molineux letter to William J. Kinsley, the handwriting expert, who compared it with the handwriting that Molineux had admitted was his own, and the expert said that it was the most valuable evidence he had seen since he began investigating the case. "I am convinced," said Mr. Kinsley, "that the letter sent to James Burns and the letter sent to Von Mohl & Co. are the work of the same person."
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M'KINLEY TO CALL FOR 35,000 TROOPS

The President Tells a Senator That Men Are Needed in the Philippines.

Washington, April 13.—The President announced to a leading Southern Senator today that the call for 35,000 volunteer troops would probably be issued within the next few weeks. The situation in the Philippines might be such, he said, that the additional troops would be imperatively necessary.
To an officer in the volunteer service who accompanied the Senator the President gave an assurance that while he was to be mustered out now, he would have an appointment when the call was issued.
It was said in this connection that all the volunteers yet in the service would be first mustered out, and the new troops enlisted without reference to existing volunteer organizations.
The intimation that volunteers would be called for to the limit provided in the reorganization bill, but that some weeks would intervene, was apparently so clearly put that the White House visitors came away with the belief that the Administration realizes the necessity of more troops and will call for them in the near future.

TWO THOUSAND BANQUETTERS. THE HALL A BRILLIANT GARDEN.

Gorgeous Costumes in the Boxes Present a Grand Opera Spectacle—Leaders in City and State Make the Event Memorable—Harmony Shown in Brooklyn's Representation.

TWO thousand men at table; men whose names are household words; the governing chiefs of the governing party of the second city in the world, dining, talking, and with a thousand women in costumes like those worn at the grandest night of grand opera roses heaped so high that a level view of the scene gave an impression of black-coated shoulders swimming in a sea of flowers.
A dinner like an old Roman feast, rare wines sparkling under the electric light like five thousand bottle-shaped gems, a blaze of decorations, a firmament of flags, a roar of conversation like the surf beating on the rocks!
Such was the Democratic Club's banquet on the birthday of Thomas Jefferson.
New York has never seen a festive gathering at which so much power and influence was represented.
The Metropolitan Opera House never held a more brilliant gathering. All classes of Democrats were there, the regular party men, bold Democrats, Hill men, and even the last surviving member of the once numerous family of Cleveland men.
With the attendants there were more than two thousand men on the floor, which included the stage and stretched clear to the lobby wall. The banquet was imposing by reason of its numbers and the potentiality of the guests, but beneath all of this there was a strong undercurrent of familiarity and good fellowship.
There were mayors and judges, great capitalists and men of eminence, the dukes and princes of a republic, besides the staunch party workers of the Democratic sect; but men called their neighbors at the gloriously bedecked tables by their first names and bowed to comrades at distant tables. They drank to each other during the dinner, and five hundred conversations on five hundred topics were going all at once.
It was a real dinner, not a mere function preliminary to a flood of oratory. A feast of reason it certainly was, but it was a material feast as well.
Before the evening was done the men at the tables and the women in the boxes had applauded a dozen masterpieces of oratory. They had cheered the immortal words of Jefferson, had warmed over the story of the party's defects and triumphs, had flashed with pride at the tributes to the great city, and had gazed on the great men of the New York Democracy to their entire satisfaction.
But the best turned phrase they heard was not smoother or daintier than the sherry that the men at the tables quaffed so lovingly. There were speeches as sparkling as the champagne and champagne as effervescent as the wit of the best after-dinner speaker in New York. But looking back on it all, the feature of the banquet was that sherry that brought out the favor of the brook trout and made the two thousand diners realize that it was no ordinary feast to which they were bid.
Billows of Roses.
They gathered early, rolling up in carriages from 6 o'clock on. Broadway was blocked with the people who flocked to the Opera House door to see the great men and the beautiful women entering the banquet hall. As the conspicuous men in the party appeared and were recognized their names were called out by people in the throng and the crowd pressed closer to see them; yet these same men daily tread the sidewalks of the city, and no one turns a head to look at them.
There were roses everywhere—great, billowy banks of beautiful blossoms, such as might be seen at a flower festival in Florida or California. The opera house entirely looked like anything but New York in early Spring. The enormous floor space was griddoned with tables, each one of them a deep island crowned with tall, silver candelabras and elaborate ornaments. At the west end of the dining hall the